

*Pal.* Lets to the king, who, were he  
A quarter carrier of that honour, which  
His Enemy come in, the blood we venture  
Should be as for our health, which were not spent,  
Rather laide out for purchase: but alas  
Our hands advanc'd before our hearts, what will  
The fall o'th stroke doe damage?

*Arct.* Let th'event,  
That never erring Arbitrator, tell us  
When we know all our selves, and let us follow  
The becking of our chance.

*Exeunt.*

*Scena 3. Enter Pirithous, Hipolita, Emilia.*

*Pir.* No further.

*Hip.* Sir farewell; repeat my wishes  
To our great Lord, of whose succes I dare not  
Make any timerous question, yet I wish him  
Exces, and overflow of power, and't might be  
To dare ill-dealing fortune; speede to him,  
Store never hurtes good Gouvernours.

*Pir.* Though I know  
His Ocean needes not my poore drops, yet they  
Must yeild their tribute there: My precious Maide,  
Those best affections, that the heavens infuse  
In their best temperd peices, keepe enthroand  
In your deare heart.

*Emil.* Thanckes Sir; Remember me  
To our all royall Brother, for whose speede  
The great Bellona ile sollicite; and  
Since in our terrene State petitions are not  
Without giftes understood: Ile offer to her  
What I shall be advised she likes; our hearts  
Are in his Army, in his Tent.

*Hip.* In'sbolome:  
We have bin Soldiers, and wee cannot weepe  
When our Friends don their helmes, or put to sea,  
Or tell of Babes broachd on the Launce, or women

*That*

That have sod their Infants in (and after eate them)  
The brine, they wept at killing 'em; Then if  
You stay to see of us such Spincksters, we  
Should hold you here for e ver.

*Pir.* Peace be to you  
As I pursue this war, which shall be then  
Beyond further requiring.

*Exit Pir.*

*Emil.* How his longing  
Followes his Friend; since his depart, his sportes  
Though craving seriousness, and skill, past slightly  
His careles execution, where nor gaine  
Made him regard, or losse consider, but  
Playing ore busines in his hand, another  
Directing in his head, his minde, nurse equall  
To these so differing Twyns; have you observ'd him,  
Since our great Lord departed?

*Hip.* With much labour:  
And I did love him fort, they two have Cabind  
In many as dangerous, as poore a Corner,  
Perill and want contending, they have skift  
Torrents whose roring tyranny and power  
I'th least of these was dreadfull, and they have  
Fought out together, where Deaths-seife was lodgd,  
Yet fate hath brought them off: Their knot of love  
Tide, weau'd, intangled, with so true, so long,  
And with a finger of so deepe a cunning  
May be out worne, never undone. I thinke  
Theseus cannot be umpire to himsele  
Cleaving his conscience into twaine, and doing  
Each side like Iustice, which he loves best.

*Emil.* Doubtlesse  
There is a best, and reason has no manners  
To say it is not you: I was acquainted  
Once with a time, when I enjoyd a Play-fellow;  
You were at wars, when she the grave enrichd,  
Who made too proud the Bed, tooke leave o'th Moone  
(which then lookt pale at parting) when our count  
Was each a eleven.

C 3

*Hip.*